

Decemberists, The

"Of Angels and Angles"

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There are angels in your angles.
There's a low moon caught in your tangles.
There's a ticking at the sill
There's a purr of a pidgeon to break the still of day
As on we go drowning,
down we go away
And darling,
We go a-drowning.
Down we go away.
Away.

There's a tough word, on your crossword.
There's a bed bug nipping a finger.
There's a swallow, there's a calm
Here's a hand to lay on your open palm today.
As on we go drowning,
down we go away.
And darling,
We go drowning.
Down we go away.
Away.

There are angels in your angles.
There's a low moon caught in your tangles.

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